

HE DIED FOR ME.

In Quebec there is a very narrow street so narrow that the people in the opposite houses can shake hands with one another.

One night a fire broke out in one of these houses. Great volumes of smoke rose from the doomed buildings, and attracted crowds of spectators. It was a very high house, but all who lived in it were safe outside, or, at least, every one thought so.

Men were working away valiantly with buckets of water, trying to extinguish the flames, for in those days Quebec did not possess such things as a fire engine and escape, but it was no use, the fire burned steadily on.

Suddenly the crowd was attracted by two fingers at the topmost window. Two children were struggling with their baby fingers to lift the window-sash. They were the little sons of a lamp-lighter, and he was out on his business.

Poor little lonely morsels, standing as it were, over a volcano ready to overwhelm them at any moment. They have opened the window at last, and the eldest one leans out.

"Father, father, come and save Willie and me!" he calls. His voice can scarcely be heard down below, but it strikes through one heart like a knife. The father has returned, and he is gazing up with terrified, agonized eyes to that window. What can he do to save his motherless bairns? Entrance by the door of the burning house is impossible, and no ladder is long enough!

He disappears from the crowd, and, two minutes later he is seen at the window of the opposite house. He lies down grasping the sill of one window and resting his feet on the other, thus making a bridge of his body between the two.

"Now, Willie," says he, "walk across me into the other house."

The child obeys. The people in the street hold their breath as they watch the perilous journey.

It is over; Willie is safe. And Harry? The flames are breaking out all around with redoubled fury; they have nearly reached the window.

"Quick, Harry," calls his father.

He, too, is over now; both boys safe.

A low murmur of applause runs through the assembly, but it is soon hushed; the question rises in each mind, "How will he save himself?"

The brave man turns his poor blackened face to his children.

"Remember, my boys," he says, "that I died for you."

With these words his grasp loosens, and he droops down, down into the depths be-

low. They picked up the charred, mangled body and reverently carry it away.

That night the two little children, as they lay in bed, cried and sobbed, and repeated over and over again these words:

"He died for me, he died for me!"

This is a true story of a brave Christian man. There is a verse in the Bible which says, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Could there be higher praise than this?—*W. Thwaites.*

HOW HIS CHILD LED HIM.

Several years ago my brother was in Springfield one cheerless day, with about half an hour on his hands before train time. Strolling along near the depot, he noticed a tidy restaurant, and went in for lunch.

A bright boy came to take his order, and as soon as he brought it sat down to his lessons. A respectable man, evidently the proprietor, was seated near the fire, with a disabled foot propped up in a chair. When my brother had finished his meal he approached him, saying:—

"You have a bright boy to wait on your customers."

"Yes, indeed," said the man, with parental pride, "I couldn't hire so good a boy as that; he is my son, and was the means of my opening this place instead of keeping a saloon, which was the way I got my living for some years, and I'll tell you how it was.

"He came from school one day heavy-hearted, and when I asked him what was the matter he began to cry, but couldn't speak. After I had urged him, he said that in recess some of the boys asked each other what their fathers did. One said his father was a plumber; another, that his was a carpenter; and when they came to my boy, who said his father kept a saloon, one of them said, 'That's the meanest kind of business.' And I could see they all felt the same way. That made me feel awfully ashamed; so, father, if you will only give up the saloon, I'll do anything I can to help you."

"With that he threw his arms around my neck, and, sobbing, begged me to give it up. Well, the end of it was I sold out. I don't make so much money as I did selling liquors, but it goes farther, and we have a happy home; my wife can help along, because decent people come here for their meals, but before I did not like to have her around, there was so much low talk. My boy has been as good as his word. I couldn't ask for a better son."

My brother thanked the man for his confidence, and after giving his hearty approval went his way.—*The Little Christian.*

THE LEGEND OF THE DIPPER.

There is a pretty story which tells how the seven stars came to form the Dipper.

Once in a country far away the people were dying of thirst. There had been no rain for months. The rivers and springs and brooks had all dried up. The plants and flowers had withered and died. The birds were so hoarse they could not sing. The whole land was sad and mournful.

One night, after the stars had come out, a little girl with a tin dipper in her hand crept quietly out of a house and went into a wood near by. Kneeling down under a tree, she folded her hands and prayed that God would send rain, if it were only enough to fill her little dipper. She prayed so long that at last she fell into a sleep. When she woke she was overjoyed to find her dipper full of clear, cool water.

Remembering that her dear mother was ill and dying of thirst, she did not even wait to moisten her parched lips, but taking up her dipper she hurried toward home. In her haste she stumbled and, alas! dropped her precious cup. Just then she felt something move in the grass beside her. It was a little dog, who, like herself, had almost fainted for want of water. She lifted her dipper, and what was her surprise to find that not a drop had been spilt. Pouring out a few drops on her hand she held it out for the dog to lick. He did so and seemed much revived. But as she poured out the water the tin dipper had changed to a beautiful silver. Reaching home as quickly as possible, she handed the water to the servant to give to her mother.

"Ah!" said her mother, "I will not take it. I will not live anyhow. You are younger and stronger than I." As she gave the servant the dipper it changed into shining gold.

The servant was just about to give each person in the house a spoonful of the precious water when she saw a stranger at the door. He looked sad and weary, and she handed him the dipper of water. He took it, saying: "Blessed is he that giveth a cup of cold water in my name." A radiance shone all about him, and immediately the golden dipper became studded with seven sparkling diamonds. Then it burst forth into a fountain which supplied the thirsty land with water. The seven diamonds rose higher and higher until they reached the sky, and here they changed into bright stars, forming the Great Dipper, ever telling the story of an unselfish act.—*The Sunbeam.*

"THE worst company for some men is themselves."